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The Rights of the Ordinary Concerning Catholic Societies.

THE *Catholic Citizen* of Sept. 14th quoted Bishop Janssen's letter concerning the Knights of Columbus and added the following comment:

"It is to be noted that the Bishop does not condemn the Knights of Columbus as a secret or forbidden society in this circular. He states his grounds sufficiently.

"The question has been raised, however, whether the Bishop, especially in view of the construction placed on his action, is not transgressing at least the spirit of the following decree of the last Plenary Council of Baltimore:

To forestall, moreover, a variety and confusion of discipline, which is a source of scandal to the faithful and an injury to ecclesiastical authority when the spectacle of the same society condemned in one diocese and tolerated and encouraged in another is presented to them, we are unwilling that any society be proclaimed by name

until the Bishop refer the matter to a commission which we now appoint for the judging of such cases, and which shall be composed of all the archbishops of the United States. If they are in disagreement, the matter shall be carried to the Holy See for a sure decision, and thus a uniform discipline will be safeguarded in the American Church. (Decree 255.)

"Of course, it is human nature to expect one who claims respect for his wishes as an authority in the Church to evince respect for the authority that is above him."

In its issue of Sept. 21st the *Citizen* published a letter from Rev. Dr. Selinger, in which the editor was told that he missed the point by lugging in the decree 255 of the III. Plenary Council of Baltimore. To justify himself he then said:

"We concur with the general statement of facts made by our esteemed correspondent.

The question of the consonance of Bishop Janssen's attitude with decree 255 of the Plenary Council has been raised by an eastern priest, Father Horan. Although we recognised in our comment on the matter that this decree was not directly applicable to Bishop Janssen's action, yet the spectacle of Bishop Janssen ordering Catholics in his Diocese, who are about to organise a council of a Catholic society, to desist therefrom, and of Archbishop Corrigan, within a few weeks, congratulating this same society on the great good it is doing, and saying: 'You have the good-will of the bishops and clergy throughout the country. Therefore I have only to urge you to continue your good work,'—all this mystifies the average Catholic layman. It seems to him 'a variety and confusion of discipline' when there is the spectacle of the same society not tolerated in one diocese and commended and encouraged in another. In other words, some of the reasons which urge uniformity of action in the various dioceses towards forbidden societies, also seem to advise against a diversity of action as towards societies which are not forbidden."

Now this, too, is beside the point. Even the Catholic layman knows that every diocese has a set of rules all its own; that the bishop as the spiritual shepherd of the flock confided to him, has a perfect right to make such rules; that he has also the right to decide what spiritual aid he will employ in taking care of his flock. Hence, it is he who decides what religious orders shall be permitted in his diocese,—religious orders approved by the Pope himself. Thus no fuss is made when a bishop refuses to admit the Franciscans or the Jesuits or the Carmelites, etc.,—orders known for their merits far better than the Knights of Columbus. Such is the rule in the Church. Good order requires it. What the *Citizen* advocates is disorder. One last does not fit every foot. The Knights of Columbus want to be recognised as a spiritual aid in the Diocese of Belleville. The ordinary refuses and that ought to end the matter.

But what harm is there, it will be objected, in organising a society of Catholic men for social or benevolent purposes? Why does the Bishop forbid it? The Bishop does not and did not forbid it. When a dozen Catholic shoemakers or tailors form a union, for their mutual protection, it does not concern the Bishop at all; but when these same men ask for recognition as a Catholic society, with all the rights and privileges implied in such recognition, it is the Bishop's right to grant or to refuse it, as he sees fit *in Domino*. In the Diocese of Belleville, as well as in others, complaints have been loud for some time that the Catholic fraternal and mutual benefit societies are too numerous, that by their growing assessments they seriously interfere with the finances of the parishes, that a number of noble "Knights" are in arrears with their pew-rent, school-fees, etc. When, under such circumstances, a bishop refuses to admit new societies, we think he deserves praise, not blame.

The better class of Catholic papers, by the way, (we are glad to see), since our publication of Bishop Janssen's letter, have changed their tone. We read for instance in the "Official Organ of the Archdiocese of Baltimore," the *Catholic Mirror* (No. 38):

"A great deal has been said and written—much of it in an intemperate view, we can not but think—about the so-called action of Bishop Janssen of Belleville, Illinois, in prohibiting the organisation of a council of the Knights of Columbus in his Diocese.

"The St. Louis REVIEW in its issue of Sept. 5th, publishes the letter in which the Bishop treated of the Knights. It throws a new light upon the matter and shows *the Bishop has been unjustly dealt with* by those of our contemporaries who have discussed the affair without knowing the facts. Knights everywhere must concede that *there was grievous fault in the acting of those who were proceeding in opposition to Bishop Janssen's wishes.*" (Italics ours.)

J. F. MEIFUSS.

QUICKSANDS.



HE inconsistency of man is a source of amazement to all who have the power of expression. Why, I do not know. Surely it would be strange if fallen man were constant. To make him so lies in the province of Truth and Power. Beyond the boundaries of Truth and of Power, why should the tottering of the ruin cause surprise? We are a ruin awaiting repair with eager longing. At times the secret of solidity seems to be revealed, and the stones are hastily thrown one upon another, after the plan just conceived, in an attempt at reconstruction; but, again, at the first passing wind, the frail edifice is seen to tremble, the tools fall from nerveless hands, the effort is renounced, and we weep; and, after weeping, the weaker souls, unable to support the seriousness of sorrow, break out in laughter. But what laughter is that which bursts from the heart of the man who has forsworn joy! It is one of the saddest manifestations of human grief!

Listen to the wild noises of the last centuries, and see how laughter and tears are mingled, resemble, succeed, and interrupt each other, and are, at the same time, confounded together!

Man has lost his faith, and he weeps. There is Rousseau. Too shallow and also too base to bear the realisation of his wretchedness, he laughs; and we have Voltaire. Voltaire and Rousseau are the two distorted faces of despair.

Rousseau realizes to a certain extent his unhappiness, but the misery of Voltaire is unconscious. This man is so base that his laughter is not even forced! Voltaire has gone so low that after destroying (as far as lay within his power) God, man, society, art, he laughs with all his heart, and dances upon the bodies which he believes he has slain.

The man who has lost his faith often regrets the loss for a time. Then, if he descend into the depths, his regrets sink with his desires, and when the lowest point is reached, he de-

spises the Infinite. *Quum in profundum venerit, contemnit.*

The true character of Voltaire is contempt of Infinity.

This laughter cries for blood; far beneath it lurks an invisible but mortal despair. The human soul ever demands to be satisfied. We have always to deal with the serious side of ourselves. Irony is deceptive, and it does not satisfy. There are in the heart private and inviolate depths, whence, if they be void, issue inexpressible groanings. You seek to laugh serenely, as should a man of breeding, but, I tell you, blasphemies are not far off, for behind the man of breeding there is the man. Beneath the dress prescribed by convention there beats a heart.

Under the laughter of Voltaire and unknown to him, there was the boiling of human blood which sought an outlet. Evil desires and rage struggled together, assisting one another, and there was gnashing of teeth, as there is in hell. The burst of laughter culminated in '93, which was its natural outcome. There is not too much blood in the veins of all humanity to satisfy the man who laughs without gladness. I am astonished at one thing only, and that is that the mirth of Voltaire was satisfied at so slight cost, and that the human race was not wiped out and history made an end of. History has, however, gone on, and those who survived the laughter of the encyclopedists, forced into seriousness by the sight of horrors, suddenly changed their tone. A new school was formed, which, instead of perpetually laughing, has chosen to weep without ceasing. Romanticism, for such is the name chosen by this new school, has a two-fold origin. Its literary source, as I have elsewhere explained, is the rebellion of men against the mechanism of the pedants, but its emotional origin is the forced reversion of men to serious aspirations, apart, however, from ideas capable of satisfying or at least directing such aspirations.

Every young man who has been deprived of

a strengthening and holy education, experiences during a certain period, long or short as the case may be, aimless desires. All literature plays the part of such a youth, and we have Romanticism, which is the state of a soul recalled to serious things by misfortune, but quite ignorant of its destination and of the way thither. The disease is recognised, but no remedy is sought, and human speech becomes a mere complaint. The old laughter is become wearisome, joy is far removed, there is lamentation and a calling upon a nameless something from which comes no reply. Then, too, the desire of Romanticism looks for no fruition either present or to come: it is the tuneful resignation of systematized despair. These souls seek, but do not find; yet their failure does not greatly surprise them, since that which they sought has no existence. They know they shall not succeed, and still they look and call, and still nothing comes of it but a distaste for what they see. They demand other things, but what? No one knows. They "wrap the drapery" of their agnosticism about them. This is aimless passion. Romanticism is the desire of the Infinite devoid of Infinity.

Romanticism is an attempt at mysticism without God.

Romanticism is a passion which at the very outset declares that its object has no existence.

The epoch of Romanticism should be marked by some experiments in new religions.

In times of depression man tends to the worship of nature. Athirst for adoration and ignorant of the invisible world, he throws himself down before the visible world and says, "Be God." Then, since this God is no God, man becomes restive, and alternately adores and curses nature, which moves on, in the face of his worship and his wrath, from winter to spring and from spring to summer.

So 1830 succeeds '93, as '93 followed Voltaire, and there is no improvement. The gulf of human desire remains unfilled. The melodrama of 1830 holds up for admiration crimes supposed to be great. Young girls are proud of being delicate, those who are consumptive despising those who are not, and these latter

envying the former. They cough enthusiastically, grow thin delightedly, and perhaps some who were at first unfortunate enough to have sound lungs contract tuberculosis by imitation. Suffering and death, in 1830, were the order of the day. The laughter of the eighteenth century had been directed against all things great, and man had sought a refuge from his own satire in that which is insignificant. The eighteenth century held to be ridiculous all things sublime or divine.

In 1830 man fell in love with greatness, and, that he might make himself interesting to his mistress, he reduced himself to a state which inspired pity. A martyr to all his manias, the man of 1830 adored the woman who condemned him to capital punishment. For a child "who plays his sighs and tears" he would have blissfully "expired upon the wheel, as it appears." To be broken upon the wheel—there you have the ideal of happiness for the true romanticist. The man of 1830 honored and practised suicide. The only wonder is that he did not revive the system of torture. He would have been torn limb from limb with transport, if by so doing he might kindle admiration in others and in himself. He felt himself too great to act. He had contracted a certain malady of the eyes which caused him to see all things in colossal proportions. Voltaire had believed man to be a dwarf. The man of 1830 was continually running against giants in the street. The most insignificant youth who left college with a few jingles under his arm appeared, to himself and to his friends, like a thundering Titan, and as the shouts of this Titan failed to check the comets in their course, and make their streaming locks of gold tremble with fear, the great man owed it to his genius to light a spirit lamp, and thus wreak vengeance upon the heavenly bodies.

In love with the stars, he expected of them a vague happiness, but with monstrous ingratitude the stars left him without consolation, hence the spirit-lamp or the towers of Notre-Dame. It was in excellent taste to fling one's self down. A man suspended between heaven and earth from a pinnacle and in in-

stant danger of falling would have caused a timid romanticist of 1830 to commit horrible sins of envy.

The anaemic lovers of the funeral long paraded their pretentious mourning upon the borders of the lakes; then meeting one another with their streaming hair and melancholy countenances in the shadow of the weeping willows, they imitated the augurs, and there was laughter returned once more.

Man can not long play the same rôle, the course of his ship will not be arrested, nor is it possible to say: I am thus; for the mask falls, the cables break, the wind changes, and man is no longer the same. He has not time to draw his portrait before the expression of countenance is altered.

In eighteen hundred and fifty the boys at college laughed at the illusions which they believed they had cherished. Eighteen-thirty was but twenty years old, yet already it was dead of old age.

There was an attempt at laughter, but it was futile, for laughter was as threadbare as tears.

The sons of Voltaire, in hatred of their fathers, invented some new religions.

The grand-sons of Voltaire, hating the new religions, attempted a return to Voltaire.

But atheism is as worn out as the new religions, and the new religions are as worn out as atheism.

Weariness and disgust alone are left.

'Tis these who, after each defeat, make prisoners of the survivors.

Laughter and weeping are alike flat and tasteless.

The man who mocks at himself cuts away the ground from under his feet. Man is a living being, and if he does not love, he must hate. An impassive position is beyond his reach. When he says "I take my stand," he lies. Irony never closes the argument in man's mind.

Irony evokes tears—Petit-Jean says more truly than he is aware in saying.

He that laughs on Friday, on Sunday he will weep.

But tears are a cry for aid, and the cry

which meets with no response wearies itself and ceases. After searching long and finding not, a man sits down upon a stone by the way-side.

The man of 1830, sitting upon the stone, becomes the man of 1850, who returns to a calmer species of disgust. His cries have been unheard, and now his illusions are swept away. Of late among young men illusion has assumed the form of disillusion. And according to this form, more ridiculous and contemptible than the first, truth is believed to be frigid and enthusiasm to be the heritage of error; but since error is loved, it is given a name which is considered pretty, and they call it illusion. The man of 1830 gave himself up to his illusions, but he preferred the dish-eveled sort. The same man in 1850 has given up his illusions; he has set himself in order and now he is bored.

Some men conceive conversion to be a cooling down of the passions. They think that young men up to a certain age should sow their wild oats, but that later in life it is time to be converted, that is, to be bored in accordance with certain rules and regulations. They do not perceive that the very opposite is true. To be converted is to turn to the God who is a consuming fire. It is to unite one's self to the source of joys.

To be converted is to turn towards love, to ask of God that he will lend us His life, that we may love in a divine manner, to give one's self up without stint and without reserve to the unquenchable fires of infinite charity!

Those who mistake the stultified calm of the sated romanticist for conversion, will do well to mark a rather curious symptom which is just now being manifested. The man of 1830, who desired a new religion, and who, not finding it, has played the part of dead man for a few years, if he be not converted to the consuming fire of the eternal religion, will—mark it well—rather than give himself up to sleep forever, begin again with his ancient illusions and return to the time when he was twenty. His youth deceived him, it is true, but his manhood deceives him yet more. He would rather strive without ever attaining,

than vegetate without either striving or attainment. Therefore, behold! Old things are brought out again. The walls are covered with ancient posters. The old-fashioned melodrama, which I loved so much when I loved nothing, the old style melodrama which deceived my thirst, and at which I laughed so much later, is come back again with the wild shouts, the fury, and the despair which, a few years since, shook the walls of the theatres. Man finds this better than nothing. He must have food, and when there is no bread to be had, he falls back upon poison. Imperious human nature must have something, and if it be not fed with the divine fire which gives strength and refreshment, it casts itself into the destroying fire in order

that it may feel something! It is bread which mistaken man is in need of, and not nothingness. The man whose desires have gone astray is in need of Christianity. Far from desiring too much, he has desired too little. He has not lifted his eyes high enough. According to the common idea, to have inordinate desires is to be too ambitious, but, on the contrary, inordinate desires evince a lack of ambition. They belong to him who is content with less than the infinite. The infinite alone can satisfy man's desires, and he who longed for a new religion has need of the word of God, of Christianity as it is, Christianity whose fires glow eternally!

ERNEST HELLO.*)

*) Translation for THE REVIEW by Mrs. S. T. Otten.

SUBJECTS OF THE DAY.

A Remedy for Yellow Journalism.

The best and most practical remedy for this evil is probably that suggested by the *Utica Press*. It lies with the people themselves. An educated and sound public sentiment which will withhold patronage from these sheets will promptly bring them to time. If readers and advertisers will not patronize these papers so long as they pursue their nefarious policy, they can not prosper, and it will be only a little while before their proprietors will experience a change of heart, prompting a change of policy. A newspaper can not live without patronage any more than a grocery store can live without customers. Within bounds, yellow journals can be depended upon to regulate their yellowness by their receipts. If that sort of thing pays, it will be indulged in and continued, but if it does not pay, self-preservation will come to the rescue of the long-suffering public. Those who buy or advertise in the so-called yellow journals must at least share in the responsibility for their offence. When a widely extended public sentiment and opinion prevent people from patronizing such publications, these papers

will be compelled to be decent or go out of business.—S.



The Catholic Transcript (Sept. 12th) thus summarizes and comments a secular New York daily's review of an interesting new book:—

Professor Friederich has completed and published the third and last volume of his *Life of Döllinger*.

The light of the "Old Catholics" was in many ways a remarkable man. He seemed to care more for scholastic renown than for ecclesiastical preferment. He might have been Archbishop of Salzburg, but he elected to remain with his books. His learning did not, however, serve to keep him in touch with the development of Catholic doctrine. He affected deep scandal on the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in 1854, and declared that Pius IX. established the new tenet on his own authority and without the coöperation of the Council. In 1870, "the scales fell from his eyes," and he quit the Church.

After his excommunication he claims to have been beset by emissaries of the Holy See—ecclesiastical dignitaries and ladies of noble blood and persuasive lips—all of whom offered him re-instatement on terms more flattering to his pride than creditable to the consistency of the Roman authority. One of the female agents of the Holy See is said to have naively remarked that she had recently met a number of Italian Passionists who frankly admitted that no one believed in the infallibility of the Pope, and yet those men were in good standing with His Holiness, and remained within the pale of the Church. Why should not Döllinger exercise the same discretion? And yet the question naturally suggests itself: Why should Döllinger have been excommunicated for refusing to accept the dogma of papal infallibility, if no one believed it, or was expected to believe it? That female emissary of the Holy See must have stretched her commission somewhat, or could it be that Döllinger mistook her terms?

We might ask incidentally, where is now the powerful sect of Old Catholics?



One of the main
The "Monita Secreta." props of the intermittent Jesuit scares is the notorious "Monita Secreta," or code of secret instructions supposed to have been drawn up by Father Claudius Aquaviva, the fifth General, for the benefit of superiors and others who are considered fit to be initiated in the full mystery of iniquity. Were the document genuine, the Jesuits would be all that their worst enemies allege, and more. Indeed, its very iniquity is taken as a proof of its authenticity. It is urged that the Jesuits are a race of miscreants, as is shown by the revelations of the "Monita Secreta," and that the "Monita" are undoubtedly genuine, because they agree with the well-known principles of the Order. Unfortunately for this compact theory, their authenticity has been given up by self-respecting scholars, and such authorities as the Jansenist Arnould, Gieseler,

Dr. Döllinger, and Dr. Littledale, whose bias would not naturally be in favor of the Society. To these may be added the authority of the Catalog of the British Museum and of the French bibliographer, M. Barbier, by both of which the document is described as "apocryphal." With this character its history is in keeping. It was first printed in 1614, though antedated by two years, as a Latin translation from the original Spanish, its author being one Jerome Zaorowski, who had been expelled from the Society in 1611. All sorts of curious stories were circulated as to the way in which the "Monita" were first brought to light. No less than six towns were assigned as the place where the discovery was made, and succeeding editions vaunted their absolute novelty.

Such is a summary of the facts which Father John Gerard brings together in an interesting article in the *Month* for August, and he supplements it by a body of evidence demonstrating how the "Monita" are not only at direct variance with the official constitutions and rules of the Order, but even with the instructions given in various genuine letters addressed by generals of the Society to provincials and other superiors. Even Father Aquaviva, the reputed author of the "Monita," is shown by a quotation from an authentic private letter to be at variance with himself—as represented by the work attributed to him.



The Physiognomy of Newspapers.

"The Physiognomy of Newspapers" is the subject of a vivacious sketch by Mr. Edwin Sharpe Grew, in the last *Anglo-Saxon Review*. Writing on the immutable character of "The Thunderer," Mr. Grew says:

"If it has taken hints from its rivals—and no paper could be so great as the *Times* and remain impermeable to new ideas—it has so transformed them in the process of absorption as to conceal entirely the sources of its inspiration. Like the elephant which can swallow a half pound of arsenic and only betray its influence in a glossier complexion, the *Times* can assimilate a good deal without

showing it. Unostentatiousness has always been its canon. The value of 'exclusive information' has been known to it since the days when Diana of the Crossways whispered her secret to Delane; but its announcements have never sunk to the vulgar sensationalism of the 'boom' or the 'scoop.' One can imagine that the *Times* would announce the certain end of the world in a secluded corner of its Foreign Intelligence."

Mr. Grew concludes that great daily papers have not only distinct physiognomies, but characters that persist, while editors pass and audiences change.

A similar study of typical American newspapers would be of interest.



The Clergy and the Press.

"Stop the paper!" is the favorite cry of little minds not only in our own dear country, but also in Austria; perhaps everywhere. At the first national meeting of the Austrian clergy, in Vienna, Father Hartmann, of Gaschurn, told how he had visited the offices of Catholic papers in Innsbruck, Brixen, Klagenfurt, Salzburg, and Vienna, and everywhere heard bitter complaints about the clergy criticizing the Catholic press to death.

"We ought not to be so narrow-minded," he said. "Whence is all this criticism? Because we do not ourselves coöperate with the press. Who collaborates himself, loses all pleasure in criticizing. This narrowness must come to an end. There is among us too little appreciation of the Catholic press, and therefore it is good for us that we have now to undergo this horse-cure (the Los von Rom movement). We have deserved it in many ways. Our Lord does not strike us for nothing!"

We are pleased to see Rev. J. N. Enzlberger, himself a diligent zelator of many years' standing in the apostolate of the press, quoting this expression of Father Hartmann approvingly in the *Herold des Glaubens* (No. 52) and adding a few trenchant words about his own experience:

"We too have found that many a cleric delights much more, and employs much more

talent, in criticizing (occasionally even on an open postcard!) such and such a journal as "cheap and bad," than in giving the editor his assistance to make it better. Who would like to have the press according to his own taste should collaborate with those who make it. This is the only way to fructify one's critical talent. And the best cure for a supercilious and biassed criticizing itch is to employ one's own ability in newspaper work, even under untoward conditions, and to expose one's self (if possible under some easily recognizable pen-name) to the criticism of opponents."

A priest who acts upon this advice, who employs his leisure in writing for a Catholic journal strenuously and unselfishly and with no other motive or consideration than the glory of God and the advancement of His kingdom upon earth, usually finds this road hard to travel, especially if he combines fearless candor and a vigorous style with uncommon literary ability.

And yet it is this small cohort of brave fighters in the front rank of the Lord's army that keep the phalanx solid.—A. P.



Differing Judgments on the French Republic.

A few years ago, Archbishop Ireland, during his stay in Paris, gave a lecture on "America in France." Shortly before, Leo XIII. had published his letter to the French people, in which he said: "Of all the forms of civil government which the Church has recognized, and of which she has made trial, she can not say from which she has received more harm or more good." Having quoted these words, the Archbishop added: "Just now she is resolved to make trial in France of the republic; and I, as a citizen of a republic, say to the Church: 'In this experiment thou shalt succeed.'"

And anticipating the triumph, he concluded his lecture by saying:

"And while I am most loyal to my country, ladies and gentlemen, permit me to say that whenever I see the tricolor of France, my soul will go out to it in esteem and gratitude,

and whenever the music of the name of France echoes in my ear, the deep fullness of my heart will vibrate in love and my lips will invoke upon your country the blessings of Heaven." ('The Church and Modern Society,' page 376-377.)

Now the *Etudes* of Sept. 5th (page 596) quotes Cardinal Gibbons as having said but a few months ago: "Les republicains français n'ont pas le sens de la liberté" (the French Republicans have not the sense of liberty).—J. F. M.



Turning Back!

"Trenchant and brilliant criticisms of recent speculations about early religion are to be found in Andrew Lang's new work, 'Magic and Religion,'" says the *Ave Maria* (vol. LIII, page 373). "Most anthropologists deny that primitive man had any idea of a supreme deity,—any religious conception, in fact, to distinguish him from beasts. Mr. Lang combats this contention, and demonstrates that anthropologists have reached a position in their work when they must turn back and again go over the ground."

Yes, and certain Catholics, who boast of their "progress" and of being "abreast with the times," will have to keep them company. Eighty years ago, Joseph de Maistre, in his 'Soirées de St. Petersbourg' (vol. I, 2nd colloquy) proved the falsity of Rousseau's "savages" and their gradual civilisation. To the objection that it might be possible to find respectable authorities who upheld that view, the Count replied: "Far less, I assure you, than is generally believed; and it must be noted that a multitude of the 'great men' raised up by the authority of the last century, will soon cease to be such or to appear as such. That great cabale made their own renown to order like a box or a shoe; but their fictitious fame is hard pressed, and soon the frightful mediocrity of these so-called great men will be the inexhaustible laughing-stock of all Europe."

How these words of the great de Maistre fit our own times! Who does not remember the Bathybius Haeckelii, the Pithecanthropus

erectus, the Neanderthal skull, etc.? About the latter just now the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* (vol. LXI, p. 107) offer some interesting reading.—J. F. M.



A Modern Saint.

There has lately been published a life of St. Anthony Grassi, lately canonized, under the title of 'A Saint of the Oratory,' by Lady Amabel Kerr.

The Jesuit *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* says of it in its October *Supplement*: "Anthony Grassi must have been preadamitic. He does not seem to have suffered from original sin like the rest of us. For eighty years he had a delightful time of it, and all the time was a saint. He was rich, he was intellectual, every one loved him, and he was in love with everybody. When he wanted to become a priest nobody objected very strenuously, and the community he entered was delighted to have him. He was thirteen times superior, poor man, but apparently enjoyed it, as did those who were under him. He had a scruple once, but got over it. He was not very remarkable for miracles and disavowed even wearing a hair-shirt in the way of mortification. He never gave spiritual instruction in the confessional, and when one of his penitents asked for it, he pointed to the pulpit and dismissed her; and it is on record that he once gave a *Pater* and *Ave* to a sinner for a whole catalog of crimes. He never went visiting except the sick, whether gentle or simple, and in that he was both saintly and wise, saving his time and staving off comment. He loved birds and music and beautiful churches. At table he pecked at his food like a goldfinch, and was satisfied if he had bread and water. He was a wonderful peace-maker in what seemed to be a particularly murderous town in Italy, the walled place called Fermo, where he lived most of the time, and he gave as a panacea for all sorts of strife, 'Make the women hold their tongues and the men will hold their hands.' He preached incessantly till he lost his teeth and people could no longer understand him, and then calmly died at the good old age of eighty. He is a delightful patron for these days that are always in search of the easy ways of divine love."

Catholic Federation.

Official Call for the Cincinnati Convention. In compliance with the instructions received at Long Branch, the national officers of the "American Federation of Catholic Societies of the United States" have just issued an official call for the convention to be held, as previously announced in these columns, in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, on December 10th next. All Catholic societies are cordially invited to become members of the Federation and to send representatives to the Cincinnati meeting. An initiation fee of five dollars will be charged, and every society, no matter whether it be independent or a branch of any national, State, or diocesan organisation, is to be entitled to two representatives.

The call is countersigned by Bishops Messmer and McFaul.



Proceedings of the Long Branch Conference.

We are indebted to Secretary O'Rourke for a copy of the "Proceedings of the American Federation of Catholic Societies of the United States, held at Long Branch, N. J., on August 28th and 29th, 1901."

We have already, in our No. 25, given a succinct account of what was done at the Long Branch meeting. For this more extended report the reader is referred to the National Secretary, 1305 Arch St., Philadelphia. The pamphlet contains twenty pages and can be had for the asking.



The Name of the Federation.

The *Pittsburg Observer* (No. 17) objects to the title "American Federation of Catholic Societies of the United States" as tautological and cumbersome. "What is of the United States," our contemporary says, "is necessarily American," and it suggests as a substitute: "Federation of Catholic American Societies."

THE REVIEW seconds this motion.

Its Objects.

The objects of the Federation are stated thus: "The objects of this Federation are the cementing of the bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic laity and Catholic societies of the United States; the fostering of Catholic interests and works of religion, piety, education, and charity; the study of conditions in our social life; the dissemination of the truth, the encouragement of the spread of Catholic literature, and the circulation of the Catholic press."

This is substantially in harmony with Bishop Messmer's program as printed in Vol. vii, No. 34 of THE REVIEW (Nov. 15th, 1900), and we can not agree with the *Observer* (ibid.) if it says that it "is too much." If the whole program can not be carried out at once, this is no reason why it should not be a good and comprehensive program. We must always aim higher than we expect to hit. A twentieth-century Catholic federation that would ignore, e. g., the social question, would not be up to the times nor in full accord with the views and directions of the gloriously reigning Pontiff.

ARTHUR PREUSS.

The dying thought of the late President McKinley reminds the *Northwest Review* (No. 50) of another last word uttered by a far greater President: "When Gabriel Garcia Moreno, the most heroic statesman of the nineteenth century, was assassinated in 1875, all he said, as he breathed his last, was, 'God does not die' (Dios no muere). Moreno had been the saviour of Ecuador; the prosperous future of that plucky little republic seemed bound up with his life; he was only fifty-four years of age, full of health and vigor; he had received Holy Communion that morning, the first Friday of August; his soul was pure; he had not a thought for himself, he thought only of the Eternal Who never dies. Falling by the hands of the paid tools of a secret society, he meant to say to his murderers, 'You may kill me, who am only God's representative; but you can not kill Him. His cause, which we have the honor to defend, is everlasting.'"

The Religious World.

...Domestic...

Program for the Eucharistic Congress.

By request we publish the program that has been prepared for the Eucharistic Congress to be held in St. Louis, Oct. 14th to 17th :

OCTOBER 14TH.

7:30 P. M.—Solemn opening of the Congress in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, near St. Louis University, Grand Avenue and Lindell Boulevard. Veni Creator. Address of welcome, Archbishop J. J. Kain. Sermon by Rev. Ed. J. Shea, St. Louis. Benediction.

After Benediction first meeting of the Diocesan Directors. Formalities ; propositions for Congress selected.

OCTOBER 15TH.

9 A. M.—Pontifical High Mass in St. Francis Xavier's Church. Mt. Rev. W. H. Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati. Sermon by Rt. Rev. John J. Glennon, Coadjutor Bishop of Kansas City, Mo.

3 P. M.—First session of the Congress in St. Louis University, Grand Avenue and Pine Street, in the large basement of St. Francis Xavier Church, or in Sodality Chapel.

Address of welcome by local committee.

Opening address by the Rt. Rev. President of the Eucharistic Congress.

Letters of congratulation.

Appointment of committees, secretaries, etc. Papers. (Papers marked* to be discussed).

*1. Personal Piety of the Priest toward the Holy Eucharist—Rev. D. J. Lavery, St. Louis.

2. Organisation of the Eucharistic Movement—A Benedictine.

*3. Eucharistic Missions Among Protestants—Rev. John P. Michaelis, Cleveland, O.

*4. The Holy Ghost and the Holy Eucharist—Rev. A. A. Lambing, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

5 P. M.—Special meetings : Second meeting of the Diocesan Directors, etc.

Evening — Eucharistic celebrations in all Catholic churches of St. Louis. Benediction in St. Francis Xavier's Church by Rt. Rev. Bishop Janssen of Belleville.

OCTOBER 16TH.

9 A. M.—Low Mass at the Church of St. Francis Xavier.

9:30 A. M.—Second session of Congress, St. Louis University.

Papers:

*5. The Eucharist and Our Separated Brethren—Rev. P. McClean, Milford, Conn.

*6. The Celebration of Corpus Christi—Rev. F. Stick, Morrisonville, Ill.

7. St. Norbert and the Holy Eucharist—V. Rev. B. Pennings, O. Praem, West De Pere, Wis.

*8. Tabernacle Societies—Rev. F. X. Lamsance, Cincinnati, O.

3 P. M.—Third session of Congress, St. Louis University. Discussion of the Plan of Organisation of the Eucharistic Movement—By Delegates from different provinces.

5 P. M.—Sessions of committee on resolutions, and of delegates of Eucharistic societies.

Evening—Eucharistic celebrations in all Catholic churches of St. Louis: Solemn Hour of Adoration. Benediction in St. Francis Xavier's by Rt. Rev. Msgr. Michaud.

OCTOBER 17TH.

9 A. M.—Low Mass in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, by Rt. Rev. Thos. Bonacum.

9:30 A. M.—Fourth session of Congress, St. Louis University.

Papers:

*9. The Eucharistic Press.

*10. Eucharistic Science — Rev. Joseph Wentker, Bridgeton, Mo.

*11. How to Promote Devotion to the Holy Eucharist in Seminaries—Rev. Jos. Selinger, D. D., St. Francis, Wis.

*12. Eucharistic Confraternities and Associations for the People.

*13. Eucharistic Sermons and Instructions—Rev. G. Heer, Dyersville, Iowa.

2 P. M.—Meeting of committee on resolutions.

3 P. M.—Fifth session, St. Louis University.

*14. Weekly Communion — Rev. Wm. T. Kinsella, S. J., St. Louis University.

15. The Order of the Most Blessed Sacrament—Rev. A. Letellier, S. S. S., New York.

Papers that were left over.

Report on the Process of Beatification of Rt. Rev. Bishop Neumann of Philadelphia — Rev. T. Wissel, C. SS. R., Promoter.

Report on the "Causa" of Rev. F. de Andreis, C. M.—Very Rev. F. Nugent, C. M.

Report of committee on resolutions.

Closing address of the President of the Congress.

5 P. M.—Procession in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Te Deum and Benediction.

...Foreign...

Martyrs of India. In a valuable work on the martyrs of India, 'Les Martyres de l'Inde,' just published by Messrs. Desclée, de Brower et Cie., Msgr. Zaleski has embodied much curious and interesting information. Researches in rare books and in early letters and records have brought to light the names and histories of hundreds who suffered for the faith, in addition to the better known martyrs, St. Thomas, Blessed John de Brito, and a few others, who had been generally thought to compose the entire list. Beginning with the Apostles, Msgr. Zaleski's work ends with the boy-martyr, Arulapen, put to death with others in Travancore in 1780. Among contemporaries of St. Thomas was Pelagia, consecrated by him to the service of religion, and Pero-Perumal, King of Jaffna, identified by an apocryphal legend with Gaspar, one of the Magi, who is represented as having received baptism and episcopal consecration at the hands of the Apostle, and to have been long interred in the same tomb with him at Mylapore. The long gap between the Apostolic era and the fourteenth century is filled only by the Anchorites of Sind, but at the latter date four Franciscans, the first European missionaries to reach India, were put to death in Bombay, as has been recorded by their companion, Father Jourdain Catalani de Severac, a Dominican, the only survivor of the party. The first Portuguese priests who landed were put to death in 1498, and the ensuing century opened with the martyrdom of five native Christians at Chaul. The numer-

ous martyrdoms of the subsequent centuries include Portuguese, natives, and Eurasians, priests, bishops, and laymen, as well as women and even children.

Msgr. Zaleski has enriched the records of the Eastern Church with a notable addition to its roll of honor.



The French budget de cults amounts to 43,064,533 francs annually, of which the Catholic clergy receives 36,819,900. There are in all 71,488 secular priests, but only 43,381 receive what is improperly called a salary and properly should be called a restitution of stolen goods. Of these 43,381 priests there are 18,170 curés with a salary of 900 francs and 7,000 vicars with 450 francs each.

Protestant preachers receive at least 1,800 francs each—twice as much as a curé, four times as much as a vicar.

The rabbis are still better off. The 57 small rabbis receive each 2,100 francs. Hence we have this table of salaries:

Vicar, 450 francs.

Curé, 900 francs.

Preacher, 1,800 francs.

Rabbi, 2,100 francs.

The two Protestant seminaries are subsidized with 26,000 francs, the only Jewish seminary with 22,000 francs. Not a single Catholic seminary receives any government subsidy whatever.

It is to be noted that during the Revolution property amounting to 800,000,000 francs was taken from the Catholic Church, the interest of which was guaranteed by the State. Nothing was taken from Protestants or Jews.—Paris *Vérité*, No. 2968.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Want and wealth equally harden the human heart, as frost and fire are both alien to the human flesh.—THEODORE PARKER.



To be happy is no selfish indulgence, no favored condition of fortune; it is a duty we owe to others and to ourselves, a state of mind which we should all strive to acquire.

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS.

Abp. Langevin on the Present Status of the Manitoba School Question.

Manitoba school question in No. 23.

Now the Archbishop of St. Boniface has written a letter to the editor of *Le Manitoba* (No. 41), wherein he says:

"It is only too true that the propositions made to our Catholic school commissioners at Winnipeg (see the principal two in our No. 23, p. 360) are extravagant (*intransigeantes*.) They are based upon a rigid but too correct interpretation of the School Amendment of 1897 and prove clearly that this Manitoba school question is yet far from being settled.

"Let the people be reassured, however, with regard to the garb of our religious (the Brothers of the Society of Mary no longer wear the cassock); they will change nothing, and rather than submit to this stupid demand of bigotry, they will remain at the head of the parochial schools which they are now directing for three years without compensation.

"We must also observe that there exists in purely Catholic districts a *modus vivendi*, accepted in accordance with the directions of the Holy See, and if an analogous situation were made for us in the mixed districts by the Protestant majority,—after the praiseworthy example of the Catholic majority in the Province of Québec,—it would be our duty to accept it.

"If a valliant army, abandoned by its brethren and allies, receives from its commander-in-chief the order to surrender, after having once more proclaimed its rights and demanded the honors of war, there is but one thing it can do: obey or die. Such is the case of the Catholic minority of Manitoba since 1897; we have obeyed and we live.

"Nevertheless, we still have the right and the duty, as Catholics and free citizens, to demand the sacred right which the constitution of our country gives us, to have denominational schools, the only kind which can effectively guarantee the religious and social future of our young fatherland, according to the tes-

Our readers will remember what we said about the latest phase of the

timony of eminent men, even outside of the pale of the Church, in Canada, the United States, and England. While we await the happy day of entire liberty and lasting peace, it is absolutely necessary that we do not leave our youth without religious education and instruction. It is by inspiration of this grave duty of our pastoral charge that we have taken steps and made sacrifices and suffered humiliations of every sort, all under the guidance of the Holy See, to the end that our precarious, irksome, and in more than one respect false school situation might be ameliorated. We ask that the faithful of this Diocese and of the entire country do not lose sight of these important facts in judging the deplorable position into which we have been forced.

"In the hope that we shall see better days, we do not neglect to make use of the perilous and incomplete, though real, advantages of the present situation....

† ADÉLARD, O. M. I.,
Archbishop of St. Boniface."

* * *

The *Northwest Review* publishes (No. 50) this authorised statement on the status of the school question in Manitoba:

"Our five Catholic schools in Winnipeg are in full operation, as in past years, under the direction of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary and the Brothers of the Society of Mary of Paris, with a greater number of pupils than ever. But neither the government nor the city give them one cent.

Catholics continue to pay taxes for the public schools.

All the efforts put forth hitherto have aimed at securing for Winnipeg a *modus vivendi* similar to that which exists in the country in Catholic centres, with acceptance of school inspection and the necessity of having certificated teachers.

The idea has never been entertained by Catholics of sending away the Brothers or the Sisters, nor of making them give up their religious garb, nor of flinging the Catholic children into the public schools with the Protestant children."

Cleveland Catholics Against Free School-Books.

We see from the
Catholic Universe
(No. 1419) that the

Cleveland Court of Common Pleas has granted the request of the Catholics of the city for a temporary injunction against the introduction of free books in the public schools.

The grounds for the injunction as set forth in the petition are: that the school law governing the school district of the city of Cleveland is unconstitutional as being special legislation; that the free school book law is unconstitutional, as being in violation of the Constitution of Ohio and the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States; that the resolution of the School Council is void because the Council has made no appropriation, as required by law to meet the expenditure involved in carrying out the resolution; that no appropriation has been certified to the auditor as required by law; that no written contract for the purchase of the books has been made and approved by the School Council as required by law; that the resolution is illegal as discriminating between pupils attending the public schools; that the spending of the school funds for this purpose is a diversion of the public school moneys from the purposes for which they were raised; that the School Director, in evasion of the provisions of the law, proposes to purchase nearly \$20,000 worth of books for free distribution in lots of \$250 each, so as to avoid the necessity for a written contract; and that the resolutions and the acts of the School Director under it are a violation of the Ohio Bill of Rights.



§ Rev. Dr. Huntington, of New York, in his memorial sermon on McKinley (see N. Y. *Evening Post*, Sept. 19th) said among other things:

"What are the Ten Commandments?" an advanced young woman in one of our colleges is reported to have asked her instructor. "What are the Ten Commandments? I have just happened upon a reference to them in Chaucer." That is the sort of thing that is furnishing a seed-plot for lawless-

ness. Let us inject more of Christian morals, I do not say of Christian dogma (though there is a close connection between the two), but more of Christian morals into our scheme for maturing the child-life of the nation.

EDITORIAL LETTER-BOX.

"*Stuttgart.*" The catalog was duly received, with thanks.....*H. H., Luxembourg.* Was pleased to get your letter, and shall be still better pleased if you send an occasional contribution, as promised.....*S., Dayton.* Book received. I intend to review it myself, but it will take some time.....*J. P. F.* Thanks for the pamphlet. There are some thoughts in it which I shall not fail to make use of.....*Pluribus amicis.* Mr. Alfred Joseph Preuss is duly thankful for all good wishes and begs to be remembered especially at the altar. His father fears he is too clever a youngster to ever devote himself to the ungrateful profession of a Catholic editor.....*D. U. B.* La lutte cessera d'être un devoir quand l'erreur et le mal auront disparu de la terre.....*Anacharsis.* There are a hundred and one things besides those you mention which I could and perhaps would do, were it possible for me to devote all my time to THE REVIEW. Then, at the same time, I could also starve to death....*Plebiscite.* The votes are rapidly coming in our plebiscite (see page 400). Nine out of ten so far are in favor of retaining the present form and style of THE REVIEW. Quite a number declare they will keep THE REVIEW, no matter what its form or typographical style, for which compliment I am duly thankful. It will be a long time, however, before I shall be able to increase the number of pages, unless my zealous friends take it upon themselves to help me double the subscription list.—A. P.

THE STAGE.

We are somewhat surprised to learn from the Colombo (British India) *Catholic Messenger*, by way of the *Bombay Catholic Examiner* (No. 34), that Mr. Kyrle Bellew, the well-known actor, has become a Catholic. His conversion is reported to have taken place in Sydney, Australia. Mr. Bellew's reputation in this country hitherto, in consequence perhaps of the notoriety of certain of his stage associates, has not been of the very best.

NOTES AND REMARKS.

President Roosevelt is a democrat with a small "d." He has always lived his own life and chosen his own friends in defiance of the carpers. Some persons have accused him of being theatrical in his methods. If this charge be true, the tendency is as natural in him as his sense of humor, and that is simply irrepressible. He is certainly not without a sharp eye for dramatic effect, but this more often shows itself in some isolated act designed to convey a lesson than in one which is merely incidental to his general course of conduct. A typical instance occurred when Dr. Ahlwardt, the anti-Semitic agitator from Berlin, visited New York in 1895. Mr. Roosevelt was then Police Commissioner, and not a few of the New York anti-Semites came to him in alarm lest the Jews should rise and mob the orator on the night of his first address. The Commissioner's response was to select from the whole police force a squad of Hebrews whose physiognomy bespoke their race most conspicuously; these officers he placed in charge of the hall where Ahlwardt was to appear, with a reminder that in this country of free speech they could show their good citizenship in no more striking manner than by protecting the very man who had come to hurl contempt and abuse at their people. The effect of this bit of comedy, worthy of a Gilbert, was to make Ahlwardt ridiculous and cause his whole crusade to fall pitifully flat.



"Let no one hurt the man," are reported to have been the first words spoken by the late President McKinley when he began to realize the terrible character of what had happened. Dr. Huntington, of New York, in an address delivered Sept. 15th, declared the citizens of this country ought to make these words a proverb, and use it as a cry. It may be made, he said, more helpful in the crusade against lynch law, now fairly opened, than any learned citations or labored arguments. When next the temptation comes to some infuriated mob to slash or burn or strangle the untried, un-

judged object of its suspicions, let some one in the crowd, in clear tones, repeat those words, now made tenfold more significant by the seal which death has set on them, and there will be found to be magic in the cry. So, being dead, shall he yet speak, and speaking, help to free our country from what is, perhaps, its most serious reproach.

The President's last words were close akin to these first ones. After all, it is the recognition of law as expressing the will of God that most exalts and dignifies law. So long as we think of law as only a human device for keeping under the troublesome element and making society possible, our reverence for it will be only a modified reverence, but when we find the real seat of law in "the bosom of God," and submit to it because it is the ruling of the supreme will, the whole thing is lifted to a loftier level, and we discern the deep meaning of those words which lie at the heart of the prayer which Christ gave to His disciples, and which made the sole burden of His own prayer in the garden of Gethsemane, "Thy will be done."

Should these last words of our dead President prove dissuasive and deterrent from that spirit of lawlessness which is becoming so sharp a menace to our safety, who shall say that the outcome was not worth the cost—yes, the heavy cost of such a sacrifice?



Ripley Tipton, in the *Globe-Democrat* (Sept. 26th), declares that the language of Goethe and Schiller is ceasing to be intelligible on the sidewalks of South St. Louis, where, twenty-five years ago, German was almost as much the medium of popular intercourse as it is in Berlin. Now there is a new generation, and Mr. Tipton says that, unless "it mends its manners soon it will raise children who in another ten years will not be able to spell a German word without looking into the dictionary." To our own personal knowledge, this is literally true. What deplorable shortsightedness on the part of German parents to let their children grow up without the knowledge, so easily acquired in childhood and in the family

circle, of what Mr. Tipton rightly calls "one of the finest, strongest, and heartiest tongues in the world."



Father Gerard concludes an interesting paper by recalling a story told to him by a near relative most fifty years ago. She had met at dinner a gentleman who was full of a most extraordinary and interesting book which he had been reading, 'The Constitutions of Ignatius Loyola.' "And, do you know?" he continued, "to read those Constitutions, you would think that he had no other object but the honor and service of God. I give you my word, you really would." "Well, perhaps," she suggested, "he *had* no other object." "Ah, well," he replied, "of course, you know, I can't quite believe *that*."



Consistency is likened to a jewel, not merely because it is precious, but also because it is rare. All men admire consistency; few are consistent in fact. One of the commonest forms of inconsistency is the failure to abide by the logical consequences of one's principles or beliefs. People readily adopt certain principles, plausible in themselves or flattering to their pride, yet shrink from their logical implications. They fancy they can hold to the principle while they refuse to accept its consequences; but logic is inexorable and forces them in the long run either to accept the consequences also, or to abandon the principle itself.—*The Casket*, No. 38.



These moral perverts, who are the sworn foes of society as well as of religion, are the spawn of that scepticism which, beginning with the rejection of the authority of the Catholic Church, ends with the rejection of all authority. Anarchy is the ultimate development of this scepticism. It reared its ghastly head at Buffalo when Czolgosz fired that murderous shot at President McKinley. While the echo of that shot is still ringing in our ears, would it not be well for us all to lay aside loose thinking and set about tracing the connection between causes and effects?—*Freeman's Journal*, No. 3559.

We have recently received from various quarters a number of newspapers and newspaper clippings containing accounts of McKinley memorial services, participated in by Catholic priests and bishops. One of our correspondents inveighs in a very strong letter against what he considers a "participatio in sacris" on the part of a Western prelate, who participated in a memorial meeting which was advertised as "of a strictly religious character."

Our own Archbishop declined the invitation to take part in the memorial services at the Coliseum, because, as the *Western Watchman* (No. 42) tells us, "he did not like the promiscuity of the religious services, and because Dorchester, the Herod of the little Catholic Indian children, was to be one of the speakers there."



According to a Fort Worth despatch in last Sunday's *Globe-Democrat*, B. Hudson, City Attorney, was appointed as receiver of the Select Knights and Ladies of America lodges in Kansas. This action was taken upon application of Mrs. Tilda Scott, immediately upon receipt of a circular letter from the supreme officers in St. Louis, notifying the subordinate lodges that the board of directors of the Order had been forced to make an assignment for the benefit of beneficiaries and others. *Next?*

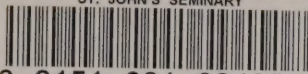


A horrid Nebraska man has planted himself firmly in the pathway of civilisation and progress and is demanding that his wife, who has become a missionary, come home and look after her four children. The brutality of man continues to assert itself.



A ridiculous error of the types made us say last week in two different places (pp. 401 and 406) "Why *Shakespeare* could not have written the Shakespeare plays," instead of "Why *Bacon* could not have written the Shakespeare plays."

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